Death of Distinguished Brother of the Late Rev. F. Bakewell.

(Western Watchman.)

After a residence of fifty-seven years in St. Louis, Judge Robert Armytage Bakewell died June 80, at the advanced age of 82 years. Judge Bakewell was of Sooth birth a native of Edinburgh, where he was born November 4, 1826, of a family that could trace its lineage to me. born November 4, 1826, that could trace its linear diaeval days. At the age of 12 years he came to this country with his parents, who first settled in Pittsburg, Pa. Six years later Pittsburg, Pa. Six years young Bakewell commenced a years' course in New York City the General Theological Semi years course in New York City at the General Theological Seminary with the purpose of entering the Episcopal ministry. At the end of the four years, however, he abandon-ed his plan to become a Catholic, and for some time was professor of Greek and Latin in the Sacred Heart College at Rochester, N.Y.

Greek and Levin in the State of Arch-College at Roohester, N.Y. In 1851, by invitation of Arch-bishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, he came to this city and assumed editorship of "The Shepherd of Valley," a Catholic newspaper cently founded by His Grace, had been its first editor. who

Four years later Mr. Bakewell began the practice of law, in which he attained marked success, being for nine years—from 1876 to 1885—one of the first three judges of the St. Louis Court of Appeals, to which he had been appointed by Governor Har-Besides a widow and three sons deceased is survived by five

the ecceased is survived by five daughters.

Judge Bakewell was an exemplary Catholic and treasured his faith as a special gift of God. He attributed his conversion to the wide-awake zeal and alert action of an Irish parish priest in Pittsburg, to whom he applied for a little information concerning Catholicism. "Do you wish to become a Catholic?" asked the priest, who evidently had no faith in the results of idle discussion. Then, taking up a catechism and marking off a number of questions: "Take "and learn these this home." he said. and come back to-morrow And the young Episcopalian obeyed, feeling ever afterward that had he not fallen in with that particular type of priest—quick, earnest, zealous—the precious boon of the true faith would never have been his. For years Judge Bakewell attended daily Mass in his parish church, going twice on Sunday, when he would receive Holy Communion at the early Judge Bakewell was distinguished

learned Catholic theologian and as a learned cathonic meologian and editor, as a litterateur and as a ju-rist. It is said that his knowledge of theology was surpassed by few, if any, of the priests of St. Louis. He was a proficient linguist. When 10 years old he could read and only 10 years old he could read and write Latin, and at the time of his death was a subscriber to the modern Greek papers. He was also a lover of French literature and a great English scholar, Cardinals Manning, Newman and Wiseman in particular being favorite authors.

This profound scholarship lent a classic style to his own literary of the hall of th This profound scholarship lent a classic style to his own literary efforts, his editorial work attracting wide attention.

Over and above all, the distinguished jurist was a most described.

ed jurist was a most devoted Catho-Mc; leading into the true fold, by the light of his own beautiful life, not only his own father—an Episcopal minister—and mother, but also two brothers, one of whom. Frederick Bakewell, became a Sulpician priest in Canada. He made his clepriest in Canada. He made his ele-rical studies in France, and returned to North America, and was attached to St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, for some time, and died in 1870. The other convert brother, Mr. Frank Bakewell, is still living and resides Louisville, Kv.

Insanely Disgusting and Sacrilegious Revel in a Confiscated Paris Church.

One would have hoped that even tussian Grand Dukes and the rich ews' colony of Paris would not ush their "decadentism" to the exent of attending an orgie in a furch; but nevertheless a week or so ago a scene of an ineffably odious character took place in the presence of numerous "cultured" Russians and Israelites in the ex-chapel of the Israelites in the ex-chapel of the Sacred Heart Convent in Paris. The government long since seized this magnificent property and placed it in the hands of liquidators, who, however, not having been successful in disposing of it, occasionally let it

government long since seized this magnificent property and placed it in the hands of liquidators, who, however, not having been successful in disposing of it, occasionally let it out for fetes and bazaars.

A gentleman described as a Sccretary of the Russian Embassy recently hired it and organized in the church the extraordinarily shocking scene to which we allude. Some two hundred Jews and Jewesses, representing the upper classes of Jewsians and about half a dozen French women of rank, of Semitic origin, accepted invitations, and together with three Russian Grani Dukes, attended the obscene and blasphemous show. After refreshments in the sacristy, they were invited to take their places in the choir, so lately occupied by the nuns. Then the "performance", began. A dancer first appeared, wrapped in silver tissue and gauze; she commenced by swaying softly to and fro in front of the altar, which has not yet been stripped of its crucifix. Then, suddenly throwing off her veils, she gave a parody of the Mass, eventually presenting the company with bor-bons in mockery of the Holy Communion. Then a troop of naked youths and girls rushed forward and danced round the altar, chanting blasphemous hymns, to the delight of the magnificently dressed Jews and Jewesses who applauded to the echo. And so it went on.

The whole scene in the echo. And so it went on.

The whole scene in the echo. And so it went on.

whole scene in the ex-chapel,

the Parisian papers de credibly and insanely disgusting and sacrilegious. It was one of those sacrilagious. It was one of those outrages upon decency, morality and religion which make the Catholic inclined to think that there are some circumstances under which lynching would be justifiable. Even the blasphemy of the ceremony during the great Revolution, when the Goddess of Reason was set up for worship, was less shocking. We feel sure that the presence of Hebrews—even "decadent" brethren—at such an "entertainment" will give as much pain to the educated and respectable Jews of our country as it does to ourselves. As for the Russian Grand Dukes, they already enjoy such an Dukes, they already enjoy such unenviable reputation for every of unspeakable vice that their every sort of unspeakable vice that their pre-sence at a like filthy exhibition is not surprising; but these things are not calculated to inspire us with adnot calculated to inspire us with admiration for our new allies, the French and the Russians, any more than the accounts of indescribable and horrible crimes which daily fill the French papers with hideous details of a wcikedness and immorality worthy rather of ancient Rome in her decadence than of a people than the contemporary ty worthy rather of a herent in her decadence than of a people whom a London contemporary considers in the van of civilization and illuminating progress.—London Ca-

Convent School Days.

(Continued from page 3)

then she started in search of truant. As she opened the hall door leading to the Infirmary she saw Boy running wildly in the opposite direction. Boy, where are you going? What

is the matter? Boy!"
She received no answer, and turned bewilderment to the side entrance

of the Infirmary.

"Come in," called a high rasping voice in answer to her knock. She entered. Miss Stanford was seated in a nest of pillows on the sofa; Katharine was rocking in a low chair

"We've been expecting you, dear,"
piped the invalid in what was intended to be an imitation of Katherine's

ded to be an imitation of Katherine's naturally elegant manner.
"Good evening, Miss Stanford, I hope you are feeling better."
"Please call me Lilly," entreated the diminutive bit of hypocrisy, raising her eyes roguishly.

Helen paid not the slightest

tention to her. What have you been doing

"Nothing, I don't know what you are talking about."
"Well, I do. Sister Genevieve sent her with a message to you. She was to return to me, but as I grew tired to return to me, but as I give waiting I started after her. As I entered the hall I saw Boy running the hall toward the grand

trouble is."

Katharine's face was pale. "Do you suppose," she said, turning to Lillian, "Boy heard us? We were speaking so loudly we probably did not hear her knock and," she looked toward the door, "the screen! If she did come in we couldn't see her. What a shock for her! She wasn't told, you said, and now all her ideals of her father will be shattered. O dear!" "Katharine, what are you talking

of her lating was dear! O dear! O dear!"

"Katharine, what are you talking about? Do I understand that Boy may have heard you and your friend saying anything unkind about her?"

Katharine had pushed aside the screen. There, by the door, was a blue scarf. "Boy's," she exclaimed. "So she did hear us. I'll never forgive mysolf, never, never." Wherewith she burst into tears and started

in give myself, with she burst into tears and started for the door.

for the door.

"Katherine, you mustn't go to Boy that way. If there is cause for a quarrel and she is hurt you'll both say things you'll be sorry for bye and bye. Sit down, dear." Helen was touched by her evident distress. "Now, Miss Stanford, kindly explain what this means." what this means.'

Lillian's manner was forced as she began: "Listeners never hear any good of themselves, anyway."
"Boy wouldn't listen intentionally

to a conversation not meant for her ears unless the case was exceptional. That's what makes me think some that's what makes me think something extraordinary has happened. Hurry, please, Miss Stanford. I am not seeking your opinion, but facts." "Really, Helen, I don't see why you need be so unkind. I am sure didn't know anyone was going

Lillian, sorrow for Boy struggling for mastery.

"Kath did you say anything which would hurt Boy?"

"No. Helen, I didn't. I care for the child as I would for a sister. I've treated her coolly lately just to teace her, but I wouldn't hurt her for the world."

"Not intentionally, perhaps, but

you have hurt her more than will ever know. The que what is to be done? If Miss what is to be done? If Miss Stanford's statement were true, which I'very much doubt, she will, of course, have to explain to Boy; if it is true—Oh! it's a shame. In any case, Lillian Stanford, I feel sorry for you, honestly sorry, for I don't suppose you'd be so mean and contemptible if you could help it. All I have the say to you is this never repeat. to say to you is this, never repeat what you've told Kath. to-night as long as you're in this school. Now I'm going. Come, Kath., there is only one thing to be done, put the matter in Sister Genevieve's hands; she is kindness itself and will tell us what to do." what to do.

They left Lillian alone and in tears -tears shed not so much for what she had done as through a motive of

she nad done at fear.

"Katharine, you go to your alcove, I will see Sister."

"No, indeed, Helen, I must see Sister myself."

"Let's compromise; we'll both go. But I forgot, she is in the parlor with the priest who's going to give our retreat."

our retreat."

Before she had ceased speaking Sister Genevieve appeared at the head

of the stairs.
"Well, Helen, what happened you and Constance? I waited in vain. It is too late to see Father

M—. now."

"Sister, we didn't come because we're in trouble."

we're in trouble."

Sister Genevieve knew from their serious faces that it must be more than one of their numerous "scrapes" that was troubling them. "Come into the office, girls, and we'll talk it over."

Quietly she sat and listened as they and then when they faltered in recital of their tale. At last they finished with the question "Is it true about the Earl, Sister".

about the Earl, Sister?
"I am sorry to say, my dear children, that there is even a grain of truth in Lillian Stanford's story and I regret very much that this has reached Constance's ears, but God's will be done. I shall go to her at once; it will be better for you not to see her to-night. Lillian is able to travel, the doctor tells me, and I will be beying soon. If you to travel, the doctor tells me, and I think she will be leaving soon. If you care to say good-bye to her you may. Don't worry any more about Constance than you can help. It's all for the best, perhaps, that she lins learned this here where she is among friends. She will be sensible about the matter, I feel sure. Young about the matter, I feel sure. Young men make mistakes, and the Earl is certainly all she could wish now. 'Boys will be boys,' and he has made ample reparation. It was not a stranger's name that he forged but his brother's. I do not see where Idilian heard such an exaceperated ex-Lillian heard such an exaggerated ac count. Mrs. Durand had been dead some little time when it happened. I must hasten to Constance, she will be heart-broken at first. no doubt. I am glad, Katharine, you tried to silence Lillian and that you did not say anything unkind. You know, I was beginning to think—" Mrs. Durand had been dead

say anything unkind. You know, I was beginning to think—"
"Don't, Sister, please don't. I know all you would say."
The little Sister smiled as her eyes rested fondly on the drooping head.
"This is a lesson for you, Katharine. We cannot afford, in this second of ours to play with anyone's rine. We cannot afford, in this world of ours, to play with anyone's affections. Keep the friends God sends you; they will be good and true if from His hands. Keep them and be satisfied with His gift. Goodnight, my dear girls, God bless you."

right, you."

They left her and silently made their way to the chapel. Sister Genevieve's words ringing in their ears As they reached the door, Helen put her arms around Katharine, saying:
"Forgive me, dear, for cherishing "Forgive way." "Forgive me, dear, for cheri-such hard feelings toward you

such hard feelings toward you."
"Forgive you, my dear, unselfish
Helen! I have deserved to lose
your friendship. There, we will say
no more about it. Come in."
Softly they entered the house of
Cod. Who shall say what love and
grace flooded their hearts as they
knelt before that humble altar-throne
where dwelt their. King of Kings.

knelt before that humble altar-throne where dweit their King of Kings.

"But Thy love and Thy grace"—surely it was enough for them!

It was ten o'clock. Sister Genevieve came silently down the long corridor. A slight figure, muffled in a long kimona, was waiting for her at the dormitory door. "Katharine! Aren't you in bed yet? You'll make

yourself sick, child,"

"I have been waiting for you, Sister. I can't sleep. may I speak to Boy to-night? She isn't asleep, I know, for I've heard her tossing to and fro for the last hour. Sister, may I, please?"
Sister Genevieve hesitated a

ment then said: "Yes, if you don't stay long. Go, child, if it will make you any happier."

Had Weak Back Would Lie In Bed For Days And Was Scarcely Able to Turn

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Mrs. Arch. Schnare, Black Point, N.B., writes:—For years I was trenbled with weak back. Oftentimes I have lain in bed for days, being searcely able to turn myself, and I have also been a great sufferer while trying to perform my household duties. I had doctors attending me without avail, and have tried liminents and plasters but nothing seem to do me any good. I was about to give up in depair when my husband induced me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and after using two boxes I am now well and able to do my work. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all that you claim for them, and I would advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial.

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"Thank you, Sister dear, I won't keep her awake long. Good-night, Sister, you must be tired."
"I am, a little. Good-night," and the little nun went to a well-earned rest. Since eight o'clock she had been with Lillian Stanford talking sweetly, seriously to the girl, as none had ever talked to her before. When the clock struck ten Lilliam was a sadder but a wiser girl, and in Sister Genevieve's hand was a slip of paper, bearing these words: in Sister Genevieve's hand was a slip of paper, bearing these words:
"I'm going away, Boy, and may never see you again. Sister Genevieve has been talking to me and I'm going to try to be a better girl. You couldn't understand how hard it is for me to be good. Try to give me. Sister will explain give me. Sister will explain now exaggerated my statement was. Even if it were all true there are things harder to bear than that. Tell Katharine to think as kindly of me as she can. Good-bye for always.

"Lillian Stanford."

Katharina sliving lints Paring all interesting the care of the care

Katharine slipped into Boy's Words were not neces ry. A cove. Words were not necessary. A few tears, a kiss, a whispered "God bless you," and the sting was taken from Boy's heart. Kath. loved her after all; never again would she misunderstand.

Only Helen, wide awake in the

misunderstand.

Only Helen, wide awake in the room overhead, realized the weight which would always rest on Boy's heart through the knowledge which had come to her so unexpectedly; only Helen's loving heart realized that forgiving is not forgetting.

After that might the girls never mentioned the matter but were more devoted to one another than ever before. Beatrice wondered what made "every one so good-natured all of a sudden," but no one vouchsafed the desired information. Boy was quieter than of old, and in her heart burned a passionate longing for the father she meant to comfort as her mother would have done. "After all," she mused, "there is no life without the stain of sin. God has forgiven; shall not 1?"

Katherine and Helen were to graduate, and when the eventful day arrived how proud Beatrice and Boy were of them! Katharine was stately in a billowy Princess gown, and Helen was lovely in soft, rich silk. Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers were there with shining eyes to witness the exercises in which their daughter played an important part. Mrs. Byron, as beautiful and frail a flower as ever, was present also. Hers were not the only tears which fell as Helen sang a farewell song to "these dear old convent halls."

"Oh! Sister Genevieve, I wish I could come back to be graduated, but I'm leaving for always and always," said Boy. "Pray for me all

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the time for I'll have no dear Sister to advise me now." In Helen's eyes a soft light glowed. "I think I am not leaving for 'always and always' if I am a graduate, 'she said, and Sister Genevieve nodded understand-

Sister Genevieve nodded understandingly.
Sadly the girls parted. "God grant we'll meet again," said Helen, and her words found an echo in three fond hearts. As the train pulled out Boy waved from the car window to the three dear ones standing on the platform. As their forms grew smaller and smaller until they were mere specks in the distance she burst into tears.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitobe, Saskatchewan and Alberte, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

steader.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following

plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the home-

the lather is deceased) of the home-steader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his perma-nent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by re-

homestead the requirements as residence may be satisfied by dence upon said land

dence upon said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid

TRULY A STRUGGLING MISSION

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This Mission of St. Anthony of Padua was started by me nearly three years ago by command of the late Bishop of Northampton.

I had then, and I have now, No Church, no Presbytery, no Diocesan Grant, no Endowment (except Hope).

I am still obliged to say Mass and gith Benediction in a mean upper room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35 x 20 miler.

The weekly offerings of the congregation are necessarily small. We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the Flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us togo into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue.

go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say—"For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a little". It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

FATHER H. W. GRAY.

Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng'd.
P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony. (EPISCOPAL AUTHORIZATION)

Dear Father Grey,
You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorise you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.
Yours faithfully in Christ,
† F. W. KRATING,
Bishop of Northanpton. (EPISCOPAL AUTHORIZATION)

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flower-covered grave, whispering again and again: "But a little while, darling, and I shall be with you." The Earl of Abbotsford has been deprived of human love, but through the example of his child, who has "gone before," he has found a Divine Love which is leading him gently onward and upward to be at peace forevermore.

GIADYS MIRIAM.

GLADYS MIRIAM.

DON'T MIND DO NOT "Here are a cou girls, which if rei upon will save y, "bad quarter of French say, for the little pitfalls if feet are prone to may be, lack of e too readily follow ble conduct of of ter in McCall's M First of all, dow whether any livin First of all, dor whether any livin world except a yc others—little b may think they don't befieve, as Janyone but a girl her teens, can do Most girls do it when I tell you tho a good, honest same resembleanc bears to a man, y derstand that it which conduces net to wit.

THURSDAY, JUL

BOYS

Don't dread, eithering. The girl w (if such a one exi-worse state than for whereas the la contracted a habit easily break herself tively lacks a som

possess.
Why a girl shout be seen "coloring tively goes so far as to how to do as to how to do
charming testimon,
ty, or how older I
y tender that adv
Blushing is the c
science—call it self
you prefer. Anyho
ward and visible s
invisible ward invisible
which no heart—or heart—is perfect. heart—is perfect.
So just go on bl
as long as ever you
the day ever dawn
no longer "hoist th
cheek."

cheek," be very s rather than jubilan and sing a mournfu your heart for the PACKING TH When father starts He dumps things
And not a thing he
In all the tumble The article he quick

The most important He overlooks com When mother starts Beneath her skilfu Just what she wan And naught forgo The smallest and th Alike receives att n short she packs A political conver

Is at the bottom

THE POWER C Mme. Marchesi, s power of song, said at Edinburgh, where riends in the head public school and h was arranged that I per with them after of my songs was 'Peace and Rest,' this two lovers not death, but lying tog tomb. When I cam my friends my hy

tomb. When I cam
my friends, my h
'Ah, Mme. Marchesi
sang, 'Peace and B
effect upon me. I r
fore of my wife and
ed by death'—I did
this, for he is a r
full of joy of life—'
you sing that son null of joy of life—"
you sing that som
thinking hard, and
going to buy a fet
scarcely knew wheth
cry, but in the end
And surely this wou
beat for an example
can do.""

UNSPOKEN V

Unspoken words, lik the mine, Are valueless until birth. Like unfound gold th

ties shine,
Which God has ma
gild the earth. How sad 'twould be ter's hand Strike glorious not less lute, But oh, what pain,

own command,
A heartstring thrill
but is mute! Then hide it not, the

Soul—
Dear sympathy, et kindly voice, But let it like a shin To deserts dry—to would rejoice.
Oh, let the symphony Sound for the poon and the week, And he will "bless struck these cho Will strike another you seek.

Will strike you seek.

John Boyle O'Reil ABOUT SODA

We all like soda we fiaps not all of us ke is no soda in it notwarm. It is called a used to be made without as served from the served from the